

notions that do not fit the times. We do not mean  
 to be shelled by our children as old-fashioned folk  
~~and up to the times~~. It seems to us that it be <sup>advised at</sup> ~~in touch~~  
 with the <sup>times</sup> ~~day~~ is our business as parents, so long  
 at any rate, as until our youngest is in his  
 twenties. Our children may go off at a tangent  
 from our line of thought & feelings, not only about  
 the best things, but on matters only less  
 dear to our hearts. This must always be  
 sad & cannot always be helped. But it is  
 a contingency to that we must be getting  
 ready <sup>to bear</sup> from the beginning. We want to be  
 ready <sup>when the day comes</sup> for them as fellow-partners ~~by the time~~.  
 That the children are eager to set in order their  
 ideas about all things in heaven & earth.  
 Then, though we may not be able to keep them  
 beside us, going the way we go, we may be able  
 to see that ours is not <sup>inadvertently</sup> ~~entirely~~ the best way  
 for them: at any rate, we may secure, that we  
 do not part company from them lightly, nor  
 they are not ready, high-minded, too open to  
 other influence than the best. But had, in the  
 modesty of conviction they take this course,  
 as led by a way that they know not.  
 Then a party may come, & we may be suddenly  
 over it, but this may needs be no breach in  
 common daily ways, when each side is sure  
 of utmost sincerity, humility, urgency of  
 conviction on the other. Oh, dear! how I am  
 growing ~~frustrating~~





5 / Long is his path over again. <sup>My friend, please</sup> <sup>helped to clear up</sup>  
But to return to the book. You know what a lovely  
Christ-like life the young clergymen leads, & how  
heavenly-minded, - even if a little narrow - is the  
woman he marries. The first volume is delightful  
a story of Kingdom come; pure earthly love, even  
waiting at the head waters of love, for inspiration  
direction. - lives of service. But you already  
feel there is a leak somewhere, & the enemy may  
anyday come in as a flood. Then, all at once  
with little to lead up to it, comes the catastrophe,  
a spiritual one. Glenn is bowled over, &  
hardly a struggle to keep his feet. by so state an  
argument - as that - "miracles don't happen!"  
Then follows a kind of land-slip, bearing down  
all the bulwarks of Christianity. Miracles don't  
happen; therefore, the Resurrection hasn't happened;  
therefore, the Christian's King is discredited; God has not  
spoken to man, and there is no revelation. What  
is left? A fallen hope that there is a God, & that  
if He be, He may be gracious. Even so, what  
certainty of anything beyond the grave? The one  
certainly left is - our brother: he, the wretched  
brother, is at - unhappy, a fact - often an ugly one.  
Wherefore, let a man make himself the victim  
of this, let him gain so much salvage  
from the wreck of life. Here is the sum of the  
whole matter, as far as man has the  
means of knowing. There may be more; but, what  
knows?

It is more than a story; it is a remarkable study of  
the rise & progress of imperfection; & is, I should think,  
a most

a most true picture of what is going on to-day in many  
 an undent nature. That is why Edward and have let  
 ourselves to analyze it as carefully as if it proposed  
 to be the true story of a <sup>real</sup> living man. For, don't  
 you think that every now & then there are spiritual  
 epidemics in the air, as catching as ~~any~~ <sup>real</sup> ones,  
 & that it is the business of parents to keep their  
 eyes open & take measures to preserve their  
 children from infection? You will say, perhaps,  
 that it is better the young people should ask crucial  
 questions at any cost than that they should  
 sit - at - their ease, believing, with a lip-deep faith,  
 all they are told, because they care for none of  
 these things? I dare say it is; but then, when  
 they come to ask these searching questions,  
 I think we should be <sup>ready to give them</sup> ~~at least~~ <sup>at least</sup> to act as  
 guides, ~~open with, but the best living thought of the day, as~~  
~~points, directing them towards the truth.~~ <sup>Let</sup>  
 me tell you the ~~fact~~ <sup>it supports</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>we have</sup> ~~from practical construction~~  
 we have come to ~~an end~~ <sup>the</sup> spiritual history  
 of Protestantism.

And first: — We all like to be in the front rank  
 of thinkers; for, 'tis our <sup>main</sup> nature to follow the lead  
 of the most advanced school we know of till  
 we get an inkling of another ~~later~~ <sup>other</sup> ahead. We  
 quit the old, clutch after the new, till, behold!  
 others, so far on as to be nearly out of sight.  
 We hurry up, learn the new Shibboleths, & are of  
 ready till we suspect that there are more still  
 beyond us. This desire to be amongst the foremost  
 which



4 Which most of us have known in our youth, million  
 little, so long as its objects are the newest things in  
 curtains, bonnets, or checks. But more thoughtful  
 natures have higher ambitions; they will thrust  
 with the boldest thinkers on the deep things of  
 life. Away with the old sanctions! All they  
 want is that of contemporary authority. They  
 lead by the name of the <sup>most-advanced</sup> thinkers in the  
 school they have taken up with.

So with Robert-Edmunds; he hunted into  
 the hounds at Oxford, apparently unshaken;  
 none made a direct attack upon his principles;  
 & he was content to be in touch with advanced  
 thought, yet, hold to the old ways. But no  
 sooner is he let loose amongst the Equestrian  
 bodies to find the ancient outworks of belief  
 demolished with a high hand, than, presto!  
 he forsakes the old at a bound, & enrols  
 himself amongst the disciples of the new. Think  
 what a name these men bear! Consider his  
 deep learning & high thinking! What can a man  
 do better than follow his lead? And overboard  
 goes the whole cargo of cherished beliefs; &  
 that, purely out of respect for the authority of  
 his contemporaries, the word of the foreword!  
 "What is it?" cry the outsiders in a crowd.  
 "Oh, 'tis a man with two heads!" is passed on  
 from a wag in the midst; & received with  
 out question, for, "Sure, he ought to know!"  
 Now, Edmunds says that there are two things  
 we

we parents should keep well in view: - the spiritual epidemics of the day; & the tendency of human nature to follow the lead of the present. These outbreaks, we must, of course, wait on, & deal with as they come. But, certainly, we can accustom our children to look contemporaneous authority, scientific or historical, fully in the past, & take it for what it is worth.

I am always thankful that, as a girl, I read a certain magazine article written by a scientific man of great eminence; for I have never since been taken off my feet by the authority of a great name. The writer had the wit to see, that science had not a word to say about the origin of things until it could track life to its source. The crucial question, which science had not touched, was, to him, how came there to be life, animal or vegetable, upon our globe. And now for his solution - a solution which should do away with the need of a Creator. - Some elder planet, in its course, ~~striking down~~ passing Earth in its course, had cast off a rocky fragment, which lodged upon Earth. This fragment had contained the germs, at least, of life, animal & vegetable, lodged in its crevices. & so, the rest follows! - a world clothed upon with verdure & sustaining innumerable living creatures.

It was truly a shock to me, at the time, to find